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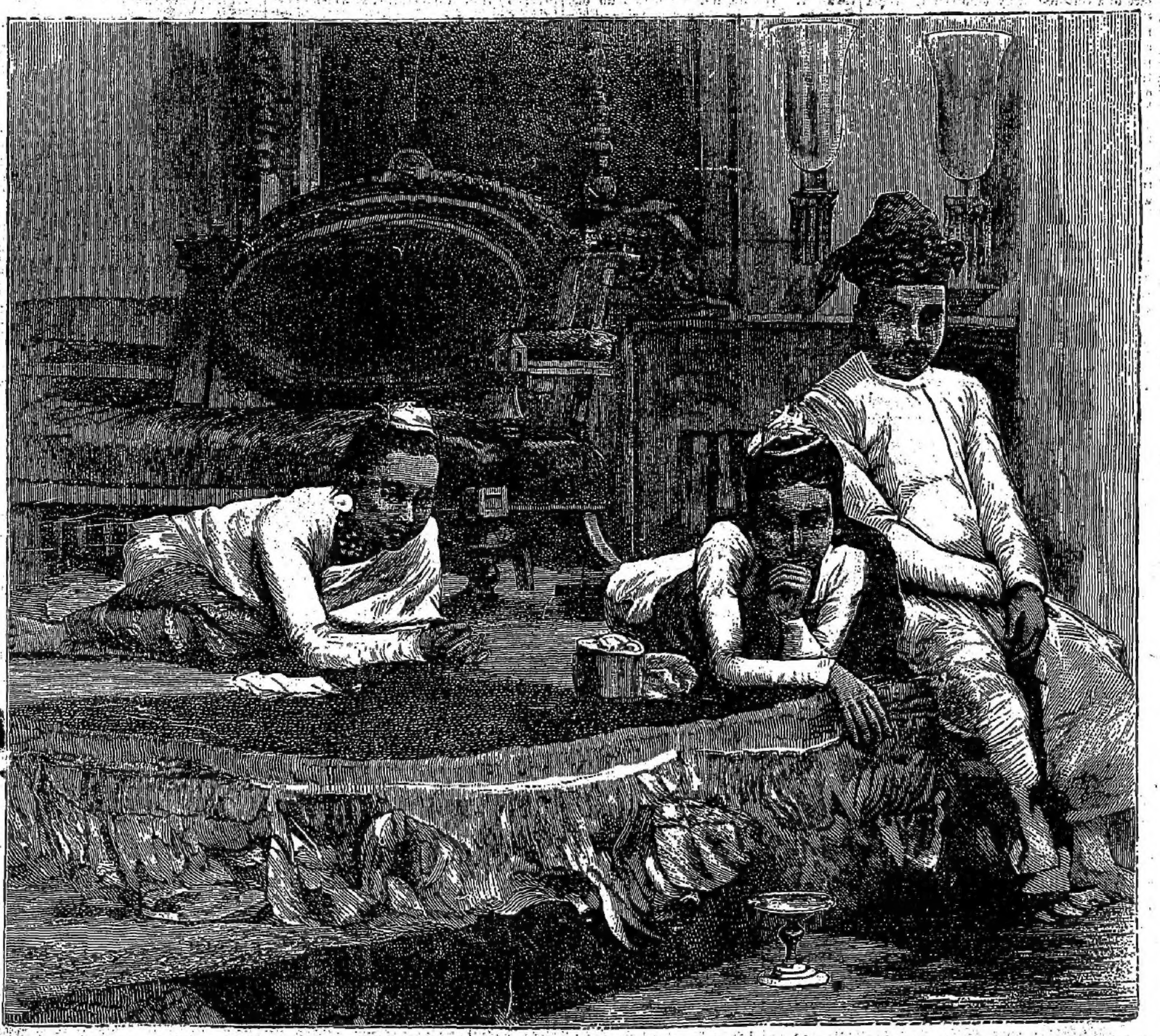
## A KING'S DOWNFALL.

Thebaw Min, His most Glorious and Excellent Majesty, Lord of Elephants, Master of many White Elephants, Lord of the Golden Shoe, Lord of Gold, Silver, Rubies, and Amber, Sovereign of the Empires of Thunapuranta (countries north of Burmah such as Assam, Munipori), and Iambudipa (countries south of Burmah) and all other Great Empires and Countries, and of all the Umbrella-bearing Chiefs, the Supporter of Religion, Descendant of the Sun, Arbiter of Life, King of Righteousness, King of Kings, and Possessor of Boundless Dominions and Supreme Wisdom, one day last fall heard that a regiment of British soldiers had had the temerity to enter the Land of the White Elephant with the intention of opposing the latest command of his Majesty, and forthwithissued the following proclamation; "In accordance with my custom of guarding against any decrease in the prosperity of our religion or the welfare of my country, I myself, having arranged the army, will come forth, and by means of my generals and subordinate officers, my numerous infantry, artillery and cavalry, will, by land and water, capture, crush down, and wipe out these English heretics." The 28th of November saw this same monarch trembling and weeping before Colonel Sladen, who, with his soldiers had entered the royal palace almost unopposed, and saying, "All is finished; I have been badly advised by my ministers, I leave all to you, Sladen, I will allow you to govern my country. If I cannot live in the palace give me a little house in Mandalay."

Well might the poor king say that he had been badly advised, if his seven years reign of cruelty had been conducted solely under the guidance of his ministers. But free of blame himself he could not be. He was to all intents and purposes a usurper. On the death of the late king, his favorite wife, fearing loss of power, concealed his death for some days, and, in concert with the Captain of the Royal Guard, by trickery and force known only in Eastern courts, made away with the rightful heir, and all the other princes who would be likely to assert their claims and established Thebaw upon the throne. This was in October 1878, and Thebaw was twenty years old. Shortly after this she married him to her second daughter, Soo Pyah Lat, who soon showed



KING THEBAW AND HIS TWO QUEENS.

herself to be quite as ambitious and unscrupulous as her Queen mother, and before long had both her husband and his country under absolute control, and it is said that all his atrocities by which he has earned the name of "Bloody Thebaw" have been done largely at the instigation of his wife and prime minister, the former captain of the Royal Guard.

The cause of British interference in Burmah was the fine of a million dollars imposed by Thebaw upon a British corporation who were cutting teak wood in the Burman forests, and on their refusal to pay confiscating their property. For thirty years or more the government of British India had borne with Burmah's insolences, intrigues, and outrages, but the time at last came when patience ceased to be a virtue and this was the last straw on the long suffering camel. As quietly as though it were an affair of every day occurrence Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, sent General Sir H. Prendergast, at the head of a few thousand European and Sepoy soldiers, to King Thebaw with his final conditions of future good behavior. Thebaw knowing little of the nation or man with whom he had to deal refused to accept the ultimatum and declared war. Without an hour's delay General Prendergast steamed up the Irrawaddy river to Mandalay, the capital, capturing on his way, with almost no loss of life, all the forts which opposed him and garrisoning them with a few of his own men. In fifteen days he reached Ava, the ancient capital. Here, with astonishing audacity, having now scarcely two thousand soldiers, with two fortified cities still to conquer, and in the face of a Burmese army eighteen thousand strong he demanded an unconditional surrender. Thebaw begged for more time to consider the matter, but the General's quiet, pitiless persistence so paralyzed the Burmese troops that they flung away their arms, threw open the forts, and on the 27th of November Mandalay was in possession of the British without a shot having been fired in its defence.

This, if anything, shows the feeling with which the Burmese regarded English control. All around them were provinces which for from thirty to sixty years had been governed by Englishmen, and in these their countrymen grew rich without hinderance, and lived always in peaceful security. In contrast their own country was overrun with robbers, their money was being constantly demanded to fill the king's rapidly emptying treasury, and they never knew what day their life itself would be demanded merely that the king might have the pleasure of chopping off their heads. No wonder then that at the arrival of the British they threw down their arms and opened their gates. What terrors could they possibly fear compared with what they had been enduring.

The capture of Burmah opens a wide field for mission work. Judson, Mason, Bennet and others have already spent their lives among the despised Karens in British Burmah, and by the power of the Gospel raised them from the depths of degradation to the knowledge of the true God, and now Independent Burmah, having been conquered for Britain, remains to be conquered for Christ.

The picture we give on our first page is from a photograph taken in the palace at Mandalay two years ago. The lady next the king is the cruel Soo Pyah Lat, and the other is her younger sister, Soo Pyah Glay, whom Thebaw married three years ago.

## WHY SHE DIDN'T BELONG.

"What is going on this afternoon that so many ladies are passing?" asked Mrs. Baxter of her niece, Mrs. Bates, at whose house she was visiting.

"Let me see, this is Thursday; it must be the sewing society."

"Well now," said the good old lady, "don't let me keep you at home a minute. Just put your things on and go right along."

"No, Aunt Jane, I'm not staying at home on your account."

"But you belong, don't you?"

"No, I don't," and the lips shut a little closer. "I did intend to when it was first proposed, and even met with them once or twice; but in the first place I didn't like the officers they chose. They made Mrs. Hayden president, and in my opinion she's a very unsuitable woman for such a place. I always did dislike her, she always acts as though she knew so much more and was so much better than anyone else. And, when they put her in, I knew I shouldn't stay and work under her. And then, besides, I didn't approve the plan of work. My mind was that we should fill a box and send it to Miss Freer, who is teaching among the freedmen. But no, they must work for the poor around here, and the first family they sewed for was that drunken Tom Crane's. If his family suffers, I'm sure it's his own fault, and if she can't make things for her children, she'd no business to have married till she could. Its my opinion that she will hang on the church just as long as she can get it to help her; and I said so, but Mrs. Mix began to talk about the 'poor children,' as though such children didn't always come up some way, more's the pity, for the world would be better off without them. But Mrs. Mix and Mrs. Post, and Ann Piere, are so set you can't turn them an inch; so I am going to let them work out matters in their own way." And Mrs. Baxter snapped off her thread with energy.

"I heard Martin say something about a literary circle," said Aunt Jane a few days later. "Do you have a good one here? 'Calista belongs to the one they have in our place, and she thinks it is very interesting."

"I don't know anything about this," was the answer. "They asked Martin and me to join it, and we did talk of doing so, but I found that Mr. Atwood was going to be the head and front of the whole thing, and, because he has been a teacher, he thinks no one else has a right to say anything. I do dislike such conceited people. Besides, they persisted in taking up English history, which was so absurd; everybody has read English history. I wanted them to take up Greek history, for that is something I know so little about. But no, nothing would do but English. So we let them have things their own way."

Sunday morning the church bells rang out.

"Aren't you going to church, Ellen?" asked Aunt Jane in surprise, as she came down stairs with her bonnet and wraps on to find Mrs. Bates sitting by the fire in her wrapper.

"No, I'm not going; in fact I don't attend church. So you need not wait for me if you want to go."

"You don't go to church, Ellen, and why not?"

"Well, you know I always used to, and I guess we contributed our share to the church expenses as well as anyone in the village, if I do say it. But they got Mr. Weeks here for minister, and he began to run things with a high hand, and what did he do but say that he thought all the teachers in the Sabbath-school ought to be professing Christians. Now there are some in the school that are just as good as the church members, for anything I can see. I have taught myself, and I fancy my chances are as good as most of the rest. Indeed I had thought of joining the church; but I concluded that if they were going to be so bigoted I did not want anything to do with them. And I said I hoped the Sunday-school would go right on without paying any attention to what Mr. Weeks said. But no, they said they would leave, and there were a lot so set that they sided with Mr. Weeks, and so I said that if they wanted to run the church they might, and I would not trouble them with my presence or help. And I haven't. That was six months ago and I have not been inside the church since to see how the contracted, little-souled set are getting along. If there is anything in this world that I do despise, it is these people who must have everything their own way and are so narrow-minded and obstinate, that they won't yield to those who don't look at everything precisely as they do."—*Eta Thomas in Christian Intelligencer.*

THE LESSON which Christians have scarcely half learned, but which they need to learn wholly and by heart, is the consecration of money. Consecration is the only salt that can season prosperity, and make it wholesome. The Lord's money, like the Lord's manna, spoils when too much of it is hoarded away, or appropriated to selfish purposes, and breeds ruin and death. In the love, mere possession or abuse of money, lies its curse; in the consecration of money lies its blessing. It is all very well for one to have money; but if money have him, the case is altogether different. A dollar in the hand or in the pocket may be a good thing; but a dollar in the eye or heart is very dangerous. Abraham was, doubtless, as rich as Dives, but he was also rich towards God. He possessed riches, and was not possessed by them.—*Christian Advocate.*

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From International Question Book.)*

### LESSON XII.—MARCH 21.

MESSIAH'S MESSENGER.—Mal. 3:1-6; 4:1-6

COMMIT VERSES 3:1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me.—Mal. 3:1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Saviour has come as the rising of the sun to bless and purify his people, and to destroy sin from the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mal. 1:1-14.
T. Mal. 2:1-17.
W. Mal. 3:1-18.
Th. Mal. 4:1-6.
F. Isa. 40:1-11.
Sa. Isa. 60:1-22.
Su. Isa. 61:1-11.

TIME.—Probably 424-408. At the same time with Nehemiah's second visit to Jerusalem (Neh. 13:6).

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.—Darius II. (Nothus), Persian emperor, B.C. 423-404. Nehemiah, Governor of the Jews. Socrates, teaching at Athens, with Plato for his pupil. Herodotus nearly through his travels, 484-400. Xenophon (444-354) leads the retreat of the 10,000 (400).

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Malachi corresponds with the last chapter of Nehemiah.

MALACHI.—Means "Messenger of Jehovah." He was the last of the prophets. He was a Jew, contemporary with Nehemiah in his second visit to Jerusalem, lived between 441 and 400 B.C. Of his personal history nothing is known.

THE BOOK OF MALACHI.—Consists of the words of Malachi himself, aiding Nehemiah in his reforms, and encouraging the people with a vision of the future. Date of writing, about B.C. 400, at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—Half a century after the story of Esther, we turn again to the reformation under Nehemiah (Les. 9, 10) in Jerusalem. After remaining there for 12 years he went back to Persia. How long he stayed we do not know, but several years, and then he returned to Jerusalem. At this time Malachi appears and aids him in his reformation. What needed to be done can be seen from Nehemiah, chap. 13, and Malachi, chaps. 1-3.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. I: God. MY MESSENGER: John the Baptist (Luke 7:27). BEFORE ME: God in the person of his Messiah, Jesus Christ. WHOM YE SEEK: they were looking for a deliverer and a king to bring the times promised by Isaiah (chaps. 60-63). MESSENGER OF THE COVENANT: the one covenanted or promised (Gen. 22:15-18; Isa. 42:13-15; chaps. 53, 60-63), and the one who would make a new and better covenant between them and God (Heb. 8:6-13). 2. BUT WHO MAY ABIDE: he will be very different from their expectations. A REFINER'S FIRE: their trials were to purify them. And Christ by his character and life and demand for faith would separate the good from the bad. FULLERS': one who cleans or scours cloth. SOAP: lye. Our soap was not then known. 3. SIT AS A REFINER: the refiner sits that he may watch carefully the process of refining, and not heat the metal too hot or too long. 6. FOR I CHANGE NOT: I will keep the promises I have made, and adhere to my plan of making you the people of God. Therefore I refine, not destroy, by the troubles I send upon you. 1. THE DAY COMETH: this refers first to the troubles that come upon the Jews, especially the destruction of Jerusalem, and this is a type of the punishment of all sinners. 2. SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS: being to God's people what the sun is to the world,—a bringer of light, life, comfort, power, fruit. WINGS: rays. AS CALVES OF THE STALL: they should go out from their troublous times as joyfully as a calf shut up in the stall bounds and frisks when let out into the field. 5. ELIJAH: see Matt. 11:14; Mark 9:11, 12.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many years after Esther was Malachi? Who was Malachi? When did he live? When did he prophesy? What great man's reforms did he aid? Where in the Bible history does his prophecy belong?

SUBJECT: THE COMING OF THE SAVIOUR.

I. THE NEED OF A SAVIOUR.—How long did Nehemiah remain at Jerusalem? When did he go back to Persia? (Neh. 13:6.) Did he return to Jerusalem? (Neh. 13:7.) What evils did he find prevalent there? (Neh. 13:4, 5, 7, 10, 15, 16, 23, 28, 29.) What ones are mentioned by Malachi? (Chaps. 1:6-8, 13; 2:8, 11, 17; 3:8, 15.)

Are such sins common now in our land? What are the great sins? What need have we personally of a Saviour?

II. PREPARATION FOR THE SAVIOUR (v. 1, and chap. 4:2, 6).—What is meant by "my messenger"? (Luke 7:27.) What is he called in v. 5? (See Matt. 11:14; Mark 9:11, 12.) What is meant by preparing the way? (Isa. 40:3-5.) Before whom?

How did John the Baptist prepare the way for Christ? (v. 6.) Is there the need of like preparation for Christ in each of our hearts?

III. THE COMING OF THE SAVIOUR (v. 1).—Who is meant by the messenger of the covenant, and why? How did Christ come? Where? Why were the Jews seeking him? (Isa. 40:5-11; 60:1-22; 61:1-11.)

Would these results come in the way they expected? Were they disappointed when he actually came? Do men not have expectations of an outward heaven without realizing the change that must be made in them before it can be theirs.

IV. THE MISSION OF THE SAVIOUR (vs. 2-6 and 1-3).—In what respect was Christ like a refiner's fire? Like fuller's soap? Why does the refiner sit at his work? What would be the result? (v. 4.) What would Christ be to sinners? Is his religion opposed to every sin? What day is referred to "that should burn as an oven"? In what respect is Christ like the sun? Meaning of last clause in v. 2? How does Christ cause men to keep the commandments of Moses?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. The world is full of sins, and needs the Saviour.

II. Conviction of sin and the fear of punishment lead men to Christ.

III. Christ coming purifies the good and casts out the evil.

IV. Christ condemns and bears witness against all sins.

V. He is to his people what the sun is to the world,—the giver of light, warmth, comfort, life, and power.

VI. Those who believe in Christ keep the law from love of right.

### LESSON XIII.—MARCH 28.

REVIEW AND EASTER LESSON.

REVIEW.

(SCRIPTURE LESSON.—Ps. 107:1-21.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

*Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men.*—Ps. 107:8, 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God guides and controls the affairs of men for the upbuilding of his kingdom on earth.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 22:1-13.
T. Jer. 9:1-16; 35:12-19.
W. Dan. 1:8-21; 8:10-28.
Th. Dan. 5:1-28.
F. Ezra 1:1-4; 3:8-13.
Sa. Neh. 1:1-11; 8:1-12.
Su. Mal. 3:1-6; 4:1-6.

QUESTIONS.

I. Over how much TIME do the lessons of this quarter extend?

II. Name the ten most IMPORTANT EVENTS which occurred during these two and one-half centuries.

III. In WHAT LANDS did these events take place? What changes were made during this time in the kingdoms of the world? Point out the places on the map.

IV. Name the MOST PROMINENT PERSONS whose acts are recorded in these lessons. The kings. The prophets. The other men of prominence.

SUBJECT: GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL DEALINGS WITH HIS PEOPLE.

I. THE SAD CONDITION OF THE JEWS (Les. 1, 2, 3, 4).—What was the chief sin of the Jews? Of what other sins were they guilty? Did the people grow better or worse? Had many things been done to make them better? Why were they so wedded to sin and idolatry?

II. THE REFINING AS SILVER IS REFINED (Les. 6-7, 10, 11).—What did we learn in our last lesson about refining silver? How does God purify the hearts of men? Name some of the things God did to the Jews to purify them from sin. What great revival of religion? What two lessons show an increased interest in the study of God's Word? What warning did they have in the fate of the kingdom of Israel? What warnings from prophets? What good men set them a noble example? What punishment did God inflict upon them? When was their city and temple destroyed? How many times were they made captive? To what lands were they taken? How long did the captivity last? What new trouble came upon them in Esther's time?

III. THE DAWNING OF A BRIGHTER DAY (Les. 8-12).—What change did the captivity work in their characters? Name some of the good men who showed the power of true religion. What times came of new interest in the study of God's Word? What revivals of religion are recorded? When were they allowed to return from their captivity? How many returned? When was the temple rebuilt? What two great reformers came? What prophets aided? By whom were the walls of Jerusalem rebuilt?

IV. APPLICATIONS.—What does this history teach about God's dealings with us? What does God want us to be? Name as many as you can of the ways in which God is seeking to make you good and fit for heaven.

EASTER LESSON.

What is the meaning of EASTER? What does the day celebrate? When does it occur?

SUBJECT: SCRIPTURE WORDS ABOUT THE RESURRECTION.

When and where did Christ die? How long was he in the tomb? (1 Cor. 15:4.) When did he rise again? (Matt. 28:1; John 20:1.) How many times did Christ appear to his disciples? For how many days? (Acts 1:3.) To how many persons did he appear? (1 Cor. 15:4-9.) Was sufficient proof that Jesus really arose again from the dead? What was his last act in his earthly body? (Acts 1:6-11.) Where is he now? (Mark 16:19; Rev. 1:12-16.) What is he now doing? (Heb. 7:25; Matt. 28:20.)

What did Paul say he was seeking? (Phil. 3:11.) What did Jesus promise his disciples? (John 6:28; 6:40; 11:23, 24.) What proof of the resurrection did he give? (Luke 20:37, 38.) What did Paul say to the Romans about the resurrection? (Rom. 6:8, 9.) What to the Corinthians? (1 Cor. 6:14; 2 Cor. 4:14.) What to the Thessalonians? (1 Thes. 4:16, 17.) What to the Philippians? (Phil. 3:20, 21.) What was the frequent preaching of the apostles? (Acts 4:1, 2; 24:15; 26:8.)

What does Paul say about the importance of the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15:12-20.) What does he say about the change made by the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15:35-54.)

What comfort and help can we derive from the resurrection of Christ? What from the promise of our resurrection? How may we attain to the resurrection of the just.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## THE WASTES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

While the well known saying that a French family could live with elegance on what an American housewife throws away is frequently illustrated in families where waste can be ill afforded, it is also true that, in eight cases out of ten, this relegation of cold bits to the offal pail or ash barrel is not caused so much by extravagance as by the lack of knowledge of how to dispose of them in any other way. The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often "evolve from her inner consciousness" an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intentions in the world, know how to do it or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corn beef—too small to appear upon the table again—is bestowed upon the first basket beggar who presents himself? And if these escape that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the ubiquitous hash. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corn beef and bacon, minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a friend's table, was formed from even less promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and, with the aid of a small, sharp knife, removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut—not chopped—in small pieces and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, while the bones, the rest of the stuffing, and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed, and slightly thickened with browned flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid in a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The result was a savory salmi, whose scrappy origin no one would have suspected.

Many other instances of a similar nature could be given. Once, when an underdone loaf of brown bread, too heavy and sodden to appear on the table in its original form, was dried in the oven, grated, and converted into a tempting pudding. Another, when an equally happy result was achieved by crushing into fine crumbs a quantity of stale, hard cookies, putting with them two cups of milk, an egg, a teaspoonful of butter, and the juice and grated peel of a lemon.

The principal objection urged against the preparation of these and similar dishes is the trouble it takes. It goes without saying that when a woman's time is so valuable that she loses money by spending an hour a day in her kitchen, she may feel that she can better afford to let the scraps go than take the trouble of saving them. But this is not often the case. With the average American housekeeper it is far easier to save a dollar than to earn one. These stoppages of the little leaks may not seem much separately, but, taken together at the end of the month or year, they mount up to a sum that is consoling if it had been saved, appalling if it had been wasted. To those who think this close watching and saving of "left-overs" has an appearance of meanness and stinginess, let it be said that, while solid roast and boiled may give an impression of plain, substantial comfort, the entrees and made dishes have a savoriness that cannot be imparted to the regulation cuts of meat. Anyone can go to the butcher and order a round of beef or a leg of mutton, but it takes judgment, taste and skill to prepare a ragout, a salmi, or a really good scallop.—*Christine Terhune Herrick, in Good Housekeeping.*

## A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Talking the other day with one of the most sensible women I know, one too whose large family is so well ordered that there never seems to be a particle of friction in its management, I was pleased with something she said about children, and I determined to repeat it to a wider audience than the one my friend had at the moment.

"I never fret about little faults of manner, nor even about transient irritability, in my children," said the lady. "Children, as they are growing up, go through many temporary conditions, which, if apparently unnoticed, pass away. In fact, there are little moral disturbances to be expected, like whooping-cough and measles in the physical life, and, if the general home atmosphere be wholesome and the trend right, I do not think it worth while to be too much distressed over occasional naughtiness."

Is there not comfort here for you, dear friend, who cannot understand why John, carefully trained as he is, sometimes, in the eager heat of play, bursts into the room like a tornado, or forgets to put cap on nail and books on shelf, as an orderly boy ought? And if Sarah is not so patient as she should be with the younger ones, sometimes has mysterious fits of depression, or is hysterically gay with no cause that you can see, summon your own gentle self-possession to the front; remember that the period between childhood and youth, like all transition periods, is very trying, and while you pray a great deal for your darling, do not worry about her or talk to her too much. Above all, do not suffer yourself to be always censuring a sensitive boy or girl, to whom judicious praise now and then will be a tonic.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have at home. But we must also have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven-growing plants.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## HOME READING.

The other day a fair young girl, with the baby innocence and wistfulness still lingering like the dawn-due on her face, happened in to my special nook, a book in her hand. Taking an older friend's privilege, I asked to look at it, and was grieved to see that it was a work most unfit for the reading of any one whose tastes were not formed and whose views of right and wrong might be influenced, as whose are not, by the opinions of a brilliant but erratic genius.

"My dear," I said, "does your mother like you to read such books as this?"

"Mamma does not care what I read," was the laughing reply; "I heard papa and mamma discussing this book, so I thought I would read it myself."

"And how do you like it?" I inquired, modestly.

"Oh!" said she, the sunny face dimpling, "I don't understand it very well. The story part is quite interesting, but there are a great many pages that I skip. If you were my mother I suppose you would want to see every book I read before I had a chance to peep between the covers, wouldn't you, Aunt Marjorie?"

I confessed that I should, but I could not criticize her mother to her mother's child, so the subject was dropped. I was thankful that she could not assimilate the poison which sprinkled the pages over which she had been poring, and that her inexperience of life and lack of trained attention were the antidotes it needed. Still, as none may touch pitch without defilement, my little friend cannot long continue in her girlish freshness if she is to be permitted to read whatever she may please in such fashion as this. Even if it did no other harm, by such indulgence her appetite for good reading would become depraved, and she must soon be unable to enjoy either simple and pure books or the masterpieces of English, with which all who study good literature should make acquaintance.—*Aunt Marjorie in Christian Intelligencer.*

## AT THE TABLE.

In *Harper's Young People* Aunt Marjorie Precept gives this bit of advice, which it would be well for all the boys and girls to follow.

There is no place where good or bad manners are so quickly observed as at the table. The way people behave there shows plainly and at once whether or not they are used to the company of ladies and gentlemen.

Clean faces and hands, clean finger nails, well-brushed hair and clothing, and a tasteful appearance generally, should at the table distinguish young people who are well brought up. Never, let the weather be what it may, should Jack come to dinner in his shirt sleeves. A coat of some kind every gentleman must wear at that meal. Jack, who is a boy growing up to be a gentleman, ought to be as particular about this as papa or brother Hal.

*Girls should be as careful as their brothers* about the matter of toilet for their meals. An untidy girl is like a false note in music, or a mistake in syntax—she jars upon our nerves.

Do not be in a hurry to be helped. Wait patiently until your turn comes, and then eat slowly. Do you remember in one of Dickens' stories he describes a very droll looking character, one Mr. Pancks, who always ate his dinner as if he were shovelling *in coals?*

Never eat with your knife. A knife's proper use is to cut up food; it should not be put in the mouth at all. The fork is the proper thing to eat with. Eat soup with the side of your spoon; it is not nice to thrust the bowl of the spoon into your mouth, as if you intended to swallow it whole.

Should you desire to leave the table before a meal is concluded, look at your mother or your hostess, and having secured her attention, say, pleasantly, "Excuse me, please," and having her permission, you may withdraw.

When asked what special part of meat, fish, or fowl you prefer, remember that politeness requires you to make a choice. Even if you do not care very much about it, it is better for you to say whether you like your beefsteak well or under done, and whether the wing of the chicken or some of the white meat will be the more agreeable.

Take part in whatever conversation is going on, modestly, because young people should not put themselves forward, but not with blushes or confusion, as though you were tongue-tied. If you happen to have heard a very good anecdote, or to know of some funny occurrence, it is well to save the telling of it until you are at the table, for a good laugh and a happy heart are real aids to digestion.

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It Would Be of incalculable value to every busy woman, particularly to a mother of small children, to take at least a half-hour's absolute bodily rest every day. Many a woman by so doing would preserve the bloom and freshness of youth at an age when most American women begin to fade and wilt. The larger the family, and the greater the care, the more needful the rest. Don't let your self-sacrificing devotion to others rob you of your own just due and absolute need. Take this little half-hour respite from toil and care early in the afternoon, when less liable to be interrupted by callers than later in the day. Shut yourself in your bedroom and lie down with closed eyes. Sleep if you can; at any rate remain quiet. Let your household understand that this is your time for rest, and that you must not be disturbed except under circumstances of the most pressing necessity. Even as regards others, you will be more to your family and your friends if you can, by getting needed rest, keep yourself in good health and spirits. Fretfulness and impatience are often but the result of overstrained nerves, which suitable rest will do much to remedy. This half-hour-rest cure is a simple prescription, but an exceedingly wholesome tonic. Take it daily, and it will add to your life not only length of years, but increased happiness and usefulness as well. If you have not tried it begin at once, and be persistent.—*Christian at Work.*

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Velvet Cream.—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a gill of water; add to it grated lemon peel and the juice of one lemon and five ounces of sugar. Stir over the fire until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Then strain and cool. Before it sets beat into it a pint of cream; pour into moulds and keep on ice until wanted.

## RECIPES.

Broiled Sardines.—When neatly prepared this forms an excellent breakfast or luncheon dish. Remove the sardines from the can without breaking them; scrape off the skin, place them between double wire broilers and broil to a delicate brown; arrange neatly in a hot dish, squeeze a little lemon juice over them and serve. Orange juice is very nice with the above dish.

Macaroons.—Light trifles are much more appropriate at dinner than the old-fashioned entremets we were served with a few years ago. Blanch (a term used in cookery, meaning to scald, so as to more easily remove the husks or skins of fruits, etc.,) and pound three ounces of sweet almonds with half a pound of fine powdered sugar; beat up to a very light froth the whites of four eggs with an ounce of rice flour and flavoring; whisk it into the almond paste; drop the mixture on paper in wafers about two inches apart, and bake in a moderate oven.

Stuffed Eggs.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Remove the shells and cut carefully lengthwise. Remove the yolks, and put the whites of each egg together, that they may not become mixed. Mash the yolks, and add one teaspoonful of soft butter, a few drops of onion juice and half the quantity of potted or devilled ham or tongue. Or, if minced chicken, lamb or veal be used, season to taste with salt, pepper, mustard and cayenne or chopped parsley. Fill the whites with the mixture, smooth them, and press the two halves together, being careful to fit them just as they were cut. Spread the remainder of the yolk mixture on a shallow dish and place the eggs on it. Cover with a thin white sauce, or any chicken or veal gravy; sprinkle buttered crumbs over the whole, and bake till the crumbs are a delicate brown. No. 2.—After the eggs are filled with the mixture and put together as above, roll each egg in fine bread crumbs and beaten egg, and in crumbs again, then repeat the process, and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain, and serve hot with tomato sauce or garnished with parsley.

## PUZZLES.

### OMITTED RHYMES.

*Only three words omitted, in all.*

Thou, who with toil thy future carvest,
Sow now what thou wouldst reap at * * * * * *.

At morn, at eve, at sultry noon,
In sunlight or beneath the * * * *,

Toil on. Heed not e'en scornful laughter,
Think only of what cometh * * * * *,

*Toil on; for toil* a blessing hath,
After thy sowing cometh * * * *.

Who sows with weeping hath a boon,
That cometh with the * * * * * * * * * *,

For he, with joy, shall mow his swath,
And gather in the * * * * * * * * *.

### ODD PUZZLE.

```
      * * * 3 * * *
    * * 2 * 4 * *
  * 1 * * * 5 * *
6 * * * * * 10
7 * * * * * 11
8 * * * * * 12
9 * * * * * 13
```

Upper word, to make sweet.
2. On the peninsula of Malay.
3. A souvenir.
4. A title of honor among the Jews, meaning *Master.*
5. A large body of ice.
6. A famous city of ancient Greece.
7. Greatest in size.

The numbers given, read in order, make the title of a new invention.

### PUZZLE.

The words of which the first parts are defined in the following puzzle have the same termination.

1. I am served at breakfast;
   You like me smoking hot,
2. And smooth and white I stretched away
   Before Calypso's grot.
3. In me uncounted treasure
   Is often safely stored,
4. And golden sweet, I add my charm,
   To grace the festive board.
5. I lie around the boundary
   Of many an ancient town;
6. And placed within a poet's name,
   I add to his renown.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

Buried Names.—Burns. Land of oaten cakes.

Diamond.—

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      P
    A S P
  A G A I N
P S A L T E R
  I T H Y
    N E Y
      R
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Riddling Charade.—(1) George. (2) Fox, founder of Society of Friends. George means a husbandman.

Pi.

When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all.

Numerical Enigma.—Ar-chip-ela-go (archipelago.

### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Birdie Wilcox and Stanfel Wainwright.

## The Family Circle.

### WINGED WORDS.

If words
Were birds,
And swiftly flew
From tips
To lips
Owned, dear, by you;
Would they,
To-day,
Be hawks and crows?
Or blue,
And true,
And sweet? Who knows?

Let's play
To-day
We choose the blest;
Birds blue
And true.
With dove-like breast!
'Tis queer,
My dear,
We never know
That words,
Like birds,
Had wings and flew!

### GIFTS AND BURDENS.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

"Bless you, Annie, my child! It does my old heart good to see you once more, or at least to hear your sweet voice; for the seeing, these dim eyes must wait God's touch of opening. It is a long time since your presence has brightened my little dark room."

There was no undertone of sadness in the cheery voice which spoke these words. The room was dark and small and plainly furnished, though beautifully neat. The fact was recognized, that was all. The thin figure lay with folded hands upon a low couch, her hair once raven black, but now slightly rippled with silver, smoothly braided across a brow whose wonderful calmness was a revelation, but above eyes from whose wandering restlessness the soul of sight had gone forever. Such was Aunt Polly; stranded, as so many waifs from foreign lands are, in a third-rate boarding-house on the wrong—because unfashionable—side of the great city.

I need not describe Annie. Velvet, silk, feathers, diamonds, furs, lace, the ordinary make-up of a young American matron, encased a form blooming with health and good looks. A mouth of real sweetness was there, and eyes whose light showed that earth was not quite all to the spirit which dwelt within the carefully-arrayed form; and yet the whole was overshadowed with an expression of weariness and discontent. Perhaps a greater contrast could not be found than that existing between the visitor and her hostess, as the latter settled herself for a long morning's talk.

"Aunty—I may still call you by the old Riverton name, may I not? Now that I am so far away from everybody who used to love me, it is nice to call some one by home names. Aunty, I should have been to see you long ago, only I have been so busy since we came to town. Such a time as Harold and I have had in getting the house furnished. It is a lovely house. I shall send the carriage for you to come and see it some day soon; though, to be sure," she added tenderly, "your poor old eyes can't see much. But, oh! the weary days I have spent in going from store to store, choosing rugs and furniture, and weighing the relative merits of moquette and Axminster. The way tradespeople disappoint and misunderstand you, is perfectly exasperating. The drawing-room mirror was set up in the sitting-room; the book-cases found their way into the dining-room, Louis Quatorze suits were sent instead of Queen Anne, and the most incongruous arrangements were made in the very face of my most explicit orders. I told Harold he would have a gray-headed wife if it went on much longer."

"But it's all complete now?" said Aunt Polly inquiringly.

"Yes, it's all in beautiful order now, I'm happy to say. But I live in a perfect state of worry for fear something will happen to the costly things. It's a great responsibility," said the young housekeeper with a sigh, "to have the charge of a great house full of mirrors and statues, silver and glass, pictures and elegant furniture and to know that five or six wild Irish men and women are roaming among them, and that you may wake up some morning to find the whole thing in chaos. And those dreadful servants! You can't fancy what a time we have had with them; some we didn't like, some didn't like us. I don't know how Harold managed it, but he did not seem to have half so much trouble in getting the coachman and butler as I did in getting the girls. It is a worry, too, to have the charge of so many servants. They seem to be running over each other's heels, and sometimes I can't get one of them to do what I want done, because it is some one else's work, and they can't settle which."

A deep sigh followed this summing up of miseries, and Aunt Polly sighed too, in spite of her habitual smile, as she said:—

"Annie, the mountain purple always fades as we near it and find only prosaic rocks and trees. I remember a little minister's daughter at Riverton who said it was her 'highest ambition to have servants enough to do the housework and wait upon all those tiresome ministers who were forever bringing their families to tea.' What other mountains of trouble have piled themselves upon my pet?"

"Don't laugh at me, Aunty, please don't. It was a great bother to get my winter wardrobe ready, and took up so much time—time that I wanted to spend with Harold, too. I went to Stewart's and Arnold's and Stearns' dozens of times, and I had no end of trouble in matching trimmings and harmonizing colors. Madame Dumouriaux made all sorts of mistakes in fitting me; I had to send back my dresses half a dozen times. Harold was very particular that his little country wife should look just as well as any of his city friends, so I felt bound to take great pains to suit his taste. It was well I got all ready; for we have been in such a round of society ever since we were settled, that I have needed every one of my things and have never had a moment to attend to them."

"Do you enjoy this kind of society very much, dear?"

"No, Aunty. In Harold's position it's a necessity, I suppose, but I can't honestly say that I enjoy it. Just at first I liked the glitter and music and compliments, but now it is very burdensome to have to spend so much time in dressing to receive 'stupid' people who when they call would be glad to find you out so they could leave cards, and to visit them in the same enthusiastic manner. It's a regular bore to give up whatever you are interested in and go to parties where people only invite you because they must. I am tired of dining and giving dinners, of standing in crowded show-rooms to criticise people's dress and furniture, and listening to classical music which I know I ought to admire, but don't."

"Don't you enjoy anything at your parties?"

"It makes me very glad to see how much Harold is appreciated. When I see all those grave, learned men listening deferentially to his conversation, speaking with such admiration of his books, and predicting for him such a brilliant career, I can hardly believe in my own good fortune. And yet," with a deeper sigh, "Harold don't look to me well. I am afraid he studies too much and spends too much time at his desk. O Aunty, what would all the books and fame be to me if Harold were to die, or, worse, become insane? Or if—if—I have terrible forebodings sometimes. Suppose the company into which his literary life brings him, should lead him astray, and he should drink, or gamble, or—it drives me wild to think of it."

"I don't think you have any ground or occasion for such dreadful thoughts, dear. I would trust the tried principles of your Harold anywhere; but you have told me nothing of my little favorite Lillias."

"Lily is the dearest, sweetest little angel that ever came into any one's house; but you don't know little Harold, my baby boy, at all. He'll be a year old to-morrow. I'd have brought him with me to-day, only I was afraid he was going to have the croup last night. I always am in agonies for fear either of the children will take something. There is always so much measles and whooping cough and scarlet fever going about, you know. I can't bear to drive near a cemetery and look at the little graves there, I tremble whenever I think of how I am to answer for those precious little bodies and immortal souls committed to my care. Suppose I should not bring them up right; suppose some mistake of mine should destroy them for time and eternity?"

A sob closed this sentence, and there was a long silence while Aunt Polly silently prayed for wisdom to show her young friend where to cast her care.

"Annie," she said gently, "the little girl I used to know gave her heart to her Saviour and solemnly promised to live to His glory. I have heard nothing about Him to-day. Have you ceased to aim for that higher, inner life?"

A bright blush suffused the face now hidden in the delicately gloved hands, as its owner said, "No, I haven't quite given it up, but everything seems against me here. At Riverton it was so different. I had nothing else in those old days, and the Lord seemed very near and dear. But now my thoughts are full of other things; dress, property, company, servants, husband, children, all seem like thick clouds to shut out His presence. The weight of my cares and responsibilities presses upon me at prayer-time, and even in church my attention is distracted by the artistic music, the glowing colors, and the eloquent sermons. After all, the greatest of my burdens is the fear lest among this multiplicity of 'weights' I should not run the race set before me, and so lose the goal at last."

"Poor little soul," said Aunt Polly, soothingly; "read me from my little black Bible there the verse you will find marked with red ink. I could almost see it with my poor blind eyes."

And Annie read: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee." The sweet words were hardly finished when a knock at the door announced that Annie's carriage was in waiting, and she sprang up, glad, perhaps, to bring to a close a conversation which was becoming so very personal. As she did so she remarked that the torment of having one's own carriage was that neither horses nor coachman could be kept waiting a moment, and promised to come soon and pay her old friend another visit. But as she was rapidly driven toward her luxurious home, her thoughts were busy with the latter part of the recent conversation, and she puzzled greatly over the apparently unsolvable problem of the seraphic peace which sat upon Aunt Polly's brow.

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It was many weeks before Annie again found leisure and opportunity to visit her old friend's humble room, but when, at length, she did, a glow of choice fruit and the fragrance of hot-house flowers came in with her, bringing to the blind occupant a sweet consciousness of outside life. All within the room was unchanged, unless it was that the pallor of Aunt Polly's face was a shade deeper, and a few more silver threads rippled through her hair. The little Bible lying where it had lain for many months, suggested the close of the last conversation, and Annie said abruptly:—

"Aunt Polly, I am ashamed of the selfishness I displayed when I was here the last time in pouring out my list of grievances upon one so heavily burdened as you have been and are."

"No, no, my child! I bear no burdens. I cast all mine on the Lord, years and years ago, and He has sustained me ever since, as He promised He would. I have been thinking it might help you to hear of some of the gifts which have been showered upon me."

"Oh, do tell me, Aunty. I have often longed to hear something about your early life."

"First, read that Bible verse for me again, and as you do so, look at the margin and see what you can find."

"Why, the word 'burdens' is translated 'gifts' in the margin, and it reads, 'Cast thy gifts on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee,' as though it needed divine strength to support gifts. How strange! Is that the right translation?"

"I believe the two words are allowed by the best scholars, even among the Revisers, to equally express the meaning of the original. And now I will tell you of some of my 'gifts.' Very choice and precious gifts they are, Annie, for they were chosen by the love of my Heavenly Father and presented by the wounded hand which was stretched out upon Calvary for me. First came the gift of bereavement. I had not reached the age of womanhood when death swept through our English home, and in successive strokes carried off father, mother, brother, and sister, till I stood alone in the world. Nor did he finish his work on that side of the water, for having married and come to this country in the course of a few years, I followed to yonder lonely cemetery three lovely little ones, and him who was all the tie which bound me to a strange country and a lonely world. Of course the gifts of care and anxiety were accompaniments of that of bereavement, but they were all blessed and welcome, for they drove me closer to Him who is 'our strength' and is 'made unto us wisdom,' and who is, moreover, 'a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow,' and more than 'sons to her that is left desolate.' 'As one whom his mother comforteth' have I lain for years clasped in His arms and folded to his heart. Earth affords no happier resting-place."

"Oh Aunt Polly!" said Annie with streaming eyes, "surely these burdens were enough."

"My next gift," said her friend, "was poverty, with its bitter accessories of mortification and dependence, and thus was I taught humility and to live by faith, finding it a key to inexhaustible treasures. It is sweet to take one's daily bread directly from the Father's hand, not knowing how the next meal will be provided, but sure, nevertheless, that it will be there."

"Hard work was another good gift—brain work and body work; work which prevented repining thought, making sleep sweet and homely fare palatable, at the same time giving me a sweet sense of fellowship with Him who came 'that He might work the works of God.' But the choicest gifts of all were sickness and infirmity; eyes that closed on outward objects, 'saw Jesus only,' and outward man that perished daily while the inward man was renewed day by day; days of utter prostration and nights of speechless agony, on which has dawned the glorious morning certainty that 'though flesh and heart fail, God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.' Annie, I grow garrulous when I speak of the many gifts of my Heavenly Father; I must stop before I tire you out."

"Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly," sobbed Annie, "what is the vast difference between you and me?"

"Only this, dearest. God has showered upon your young life His choicest, most beautiful gifts—wealth, luxury, talent, health, beauty, friends, a noble husband and lovely children. But you have turned them into burdens by endeavoring to bear the care and responsibility of them yourself. On me He has laid what the world would call very heavy burdens, but I have cast them on him by an unfaltering trust, and He has transmuted them into precious gifts of His tender love. Reverse your process, dear. Cast your burdens on the Lord really and trustfully, for He has promised to sustain you, to bear their responsibility for you, and to teach you how to use them for His honor. You shall once more find them to be gifts, all the brighter and sweeter for His sanctifying love, and because with them comes that highest of all gifts which can never in any sense become a burden—the gift of His dear Son. This is the alchemy which neutralizes the poison of earthly prosperity, and overcomes its deadening influence upon our spiritual life, which prevents our gifts from becoming burdens, and turns our burdens into gifts."—*Zion's Herald.*

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### THE BROKEN BLOOD-VESSEL.

There was a young lady visiting in London, and while in a shop she suddenly broke a blood-vessel. She was gently removed to a private house, laid on a sofa, and had brandy administered to her. A medical man was summoned, and when he came into the room and felt her pulse, her friends told him they had given her brandy, as though they had done the right thing.

"Brandy!" exclaimed he, "you could not have done a worse thing. Send for some ice. So ice, not brandy, was needful. The lady was not given any more alcohol, and found ice both safer and better. In cases of bleeding, beware of brandy. Try what ice will do."—*Union Signal.*

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There is no lack of kindness,
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
—*Gerald Massey.*

## D. L. MOODY.

### HIS WORK IN MONTREAL—A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

During the first few days of the New Year Montreal was stirred as it has seldom been before by the series of evangelistic meetings held here by this greatest living Evangelist. From Saturday until Tuesday three meetings a day were held in the largest halls in the city, and at almost every meeting every inch of standing room was occupied, and hundreds had to turn away unable even to gain an entrance. Mr. Ira D. Sankey accompanied Mr. Moody as usual, and with the party also were Mr. Moody's son and Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the now well-known Cambridge cricketer, and his wife. Mr. Studd, it will be remembered, is one of the band of students in the Cambridge and Oxford Universities who became converted under Mr. Moody's preaching, seven of whom (among them Mr. Studd's brother) a year ago went out as missionaries under the China Inland Mission. Mr. Studd turns his attention specially to work among students, and while here addressed large meetings of the students of McGill and its affiliated colleges. Space will not admit of any adequate description of Mr. Moody's work in this city; let it suffice to say that here as everywhere else he has labored, untold blessing has been the result.

We are glad to be able to present our readers with an accurate portrait of Mr. Moody. It is well known that for many years he has refused to sit for his photograph, so that no good likeness of him could be obtained, but while he was here this portrait was drawn from life by a well known artist, and engraved for the publishers of this paper.

In giving a sketch of his life *The Christian* says:—

One day in 1867 a plain, sturdy, and stoutly-built young man came into our office in Ludgate-hill. He was one of those rare men who transact their business, and go about their business, so as to give you time to finish your business. But he was more than a man of business. He was about the Lord's business, and a very little intercourse was enough to prove that he was a thoroughly earnest and devoted servant of Christ, whose one purpose was to qualify himself as a man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born on a farm, near Northfield, Massachusetts, on Feb. 5, 1837. The homestead was on a mountain side in a region picturesque and beautiful, but in which nature yields scanty nourishment, even to hard workers. The farm was mortgaged, and the father died when Dwight was four years old, leaving the widow weighted with the responsibility of a large family, every member of which felt the necessity of personal exertion and self-denial.

His mother was a representative New England woman, with a stern sense of duty, ready to do the next thing, and with spirit and energy which qualified her for the responsibilities involved in the training of her family.

The boy who was to achieve such world-wide fame as an evangelist had fair opportunities of education, but his intense physical activity made study in the schoolroom irksome, and he passed out of childhood singularly unequipped with such knowledge as he might have attained at school. He was, however, a born leader, and no one will be surprised to learn that his companions recognized their chief, and naturally fell into line and obeyed his commands.

In the spring of 1854, confident and self-reliant, Dwight left home, and found employment in the boot and shoe store of an uncle in Boston, a man of strict integrity and Christian character. Here he soon displayed the same energy and force of character that had given him the lead among the lads of his own township. His early privations had taught him to regard life as an unceasing warfare, so that from the first he expected an uphill path, and braced himself to overcome all obstacles.

His uncle was a member of the Congregational Church of which Dr. Kirk was pastor, and here the nephew was expected to attend, very much to his advantage all through his after life. His Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Kimball, took a deep and kindly interest in him, and the assiduous and patient labor of this good man was the means of leading his young scholar to Christ. But the boy's want of acquaintance with Scriptural truth was such that he was kept as a learner for many months before being admitted to the fellowship of the Church.

There was no precocity, we are told, nothing startling or even promising in his early Christian course. But he had a courage that carried him forward in spite of his defects, and an aspiration that led him to rise above circumstances, and to strive for excellence. The revival spirit of the church and of its earnest pastor created in him a zeal which lay as a smouldering fire within. No work, however, was laid out for him into which he could throw his rugged energies, and he was not content. No wonder that he left the city of culture and refinement, and became, in his twentieth year, one of the thousands of enterprising and aspiring men who forsook the overcrowded East, and sought and found scope for his energy in Chicago, the rising metropolis of the North-west. Many of his compeers found here a short road to ruin, but he, and others like him, maintained their integrity, and did exploits.

He had made his mark as a man of business at Boston; at Chicago in secular occupations he proved himself capable and trustworthy. In religious work he was not long in finding the sphere for his energy and zeal which he had not found in Boston. With characteristic daring and courage he plunged into the dark places, the heathenish regions which new cities, no less than the old, contain. He literally fought his way through with all-conquering persistence, till he saw these districts, at least in some degree, renovated by the Gospel of the grace of God.

His first experience was on this wise. "One Sunday he sought out a mission-school, and offered his services as a teacher. He was informed that the school had a full supply of teachers, but if he would gather a class he might have room to teach them. Next Sabbath he appeared with eighteen boys, and place was found for his rough and raw recruits. Thus he solved the problem of how to reach the masses—'Go for them.'"

Other and congenial spirits soon gathered round him, and formed a mission in the New Market Hall, which became a great power for good. The ignorant and uncultured boy had developed into the energetic Christian man soon to become the pioneer evangelist, and in Chicago it was very evident that the uneducated training of his early years was God's own education for the work which He had for him to do.

There was too much of "Young America" about him for the Church with which he first connected himself. He began to take a deep interest in the Young Men's Christian Association, and carried his young Americanism into that. He was soon engaged to look after its spiritual wants; he slept in the rooms, and kept them in order, and, after doing the manual labor, led the noon prayer-meeting, and drew large crowds to the service. He was chosen President of the Association, after holding other offices, and obtained the means to build a hall, named from the chief contributor, "Farwell Hall."

About this time he took possession of an old shanty, an abandoned beer saloon, in a neighborhood where other saloons were in full blast, surrounded by desperate men, abandoned women, neglected and elfish children. Here was another preparation class for the future evangelist. When, years after, a room full of experienced and hard-headed Scotch ministers sat round Mr. Moody, and, with the utmost docility, received from him instructions and directions as to the arrangement and management of great meetings, he was calling into exercise the wisdom he had gained in the drinking and dancing saloon, which he had converted into a house of God.

A very bad boy used to come to the door and make a fearful noise while Moody would be addressing his young hearers. Getting tired of this, he one evening stopped short in his work, gave out a hymn, and, while the school was singing it, he went for that disturbing boy, caught him after a chase of some quarter of a mile, gave him a summary and exemplary castigation, and returned panting from his run, but in time to proceed with his discourse.

In these very early days, Mr. Reynolds, of Peoria, a large merchant, and a mighty man in Sunday-school work, records that, going in a little late one evening, he saw a man standing up with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to teach him the story of the Prodigal Son. Many of the words he could not make out and had to skip. "I thought if the Lord can use such an instrument as that for his work it will be wonderful. After the meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have only got one talent, I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him, and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since, had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly, and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have not known his fellow."

In the dark days of the war Mr. Moody threw himself into the camps near home, and there preached the Gospel, and won souls. He was president of the Chicago branch of the Christian Commission, of which the venerable George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was president in chief, and whose name is fragrant in all lands. Mr. Moody illustrates many of his sermons with anecdotes from the terrible and pathetic experiences which he gained at the front in that long and deadly struggle.

In 1862 Mr. Moody was married to Miss Emma C. Revell, a lady known to many of our readers, and of whom we will only say that she has been a true helpmeet for her husband. Such marriages are made in heaven. They are not only "in the Lord" in the sense that both are Christians, but that God has chosen each for each. Their children have become familiar to the world by Mr. Moody's illustrations drawn from his recollections of "Emma," "Willie," and "little Paul." The two former are now grown up, and it may be that the youngest is being prepared to tread in the footsteps of his father, and of his greater namesake, as a preacher of Jesus Christ.

I cannot close this very sketchy sketch without alluding to the educational establishments for young men and women which would have been no mean monument to the memory of any man, if he had done little of a public character beside. But in Chicago and many other American cities; in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dublin, and elsewhere in this country, great piles of building bear witness to Mr. Moody's interest in the places where he labors, and to his power of moving other men to a generosity kindred to his own. The current of his unselfish and beneficent nature, however, flowed most strongly toward his native New England home.

The schools at Northfield for girls, and at Mount Hermon for boys are institutions of more than local or even of national interest: they are cosmopolitan in their constitution, and will be eternal in their results. Youths and maidens of many nationalities have already been, and others are now being, educated there, with the design of training them to become God's messengers to the ends of the earth, but especially to their own nations.

In a recent letter he tells me that in the last ten and a half years he has spent £60,000 on these buildings. He thought, a few years ago, that large sums of money would be given to colleges and schools in America, and that if he could get the institutions, on which his heart was set, well started, legacies would be left for them, and he would thus gain influence over young men and women, who would be a power after he was gone. It was a noble desire, and it will have its recompense, when he shall rest from his labors, and his works shall follow him.

## CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

*By Pansy.*

CHAPTER II.

"Why," said Christie, "I suppose he wants to know where somebody lives. You go to the door, Karl." For the man was knocking, and Christie caught up the baby just in time to get her out of the whirl of wind that came in at the open door.

"Is this Mr. Jonas Tucker's place?" the gruff voice asked. The man was a new comer, and did not know the country very well, though Karl felt well acquainted with him, having watched him often as he loaded his big white covered waggon—or "prairie-schooner," as the waggons for transportation are called in the "Far West."

"Yes, sir," said Karl, "but he isn't at home. He went to the city right after dinner."

"Is there a Miss Christie Tucker in the family?"

"No, sir; Miss! Why—no—yes, yes, sir, I suppose there is."

"Well, you seem to be mighty uncertain about it; when you get your mind fully made up, I wish you would tell me. Are you sure you live here yourself!"

Astonished as he was, Karl could not help laughing over this.

"Yes, sir," he said decidedly, "I do; and so does Christie; though it seemed so funny to hear her called 'Miss,' that I thought you must mean somebody else. She is a little girl."

"Just so. Little or big, I don't know as it makes much difference to me, provided her name is Christie. I've got an express package out here for her as big as the house most, and as heavy as all creation."

Then did Christie set the baby down hastily in the farthest corner she could find, and come to the door.

"There is some mistake, Karl," she said hurriedly; "nobody would send an express package to me."

"We don't think it can belong to us," explained Karl to the man who was turning to go down the walk. "We don't know anybody who would send packages to us."

"I haven't got anything to do with that, as I know of. It is marked Miss Christie Tucker, as plain as black paint and a good deal of it can mark it, and sent to this office, and the clerk who has been here ever since there was a place says he don't know of any other Tucker within ten miles of the town, only Jonas, and you say the little girl's name is Christie, so I guess it's all right. Anyway, if the man has made a mistake and sent his bundle to the one he doesn't want to have it, why, that's his look-out, not mine. We'll bring the thing in, and you get away from the door, for it will about fill up your kitchen."

Away he tramped, whistling gayly as he went, and Christie and Karl looked at each other in great perplexity.

"It is all wrong," murmured Christie. "They will just have to come to-morrow and take it away, and maybe it will cost father something; mother will say that we ought not to have let them bring it in. Oh, Karl, they always have to pay for express packages. They mark them C.O.D. Father was telling me about that, only yesterday, when I helped him hold that beam, you know."

"We shan't pay any C.O.D., or any other kind of fish," declared Karl, sturdily, rising to assert his manhood. "If he leaves a thing here that we say doesn't belong to us, he will get no money for it from us, that's sure."

"That's so," said Christie, relieved and admiring. "We can't tell him not to leave it, I suppose, but we can tell him that we are not going to pay for it. In fact, we couldn't, because we haven't any money!"

By this time the great roll, whatever it was, riding on the shoulders of two stout men, had reached the door, and was thumped down on the clean kitchen floor.

"My patience!" said Christie. The thing was so large that she could not help exclaiming over it.

"Look here," said Karl, still intent on business, "we don't at all think that that thing belongs to us, and we can't pay you a cent for leaving it here."

"All right," the good-natured man said, a broad smile on his face. "There isn't a cent to pay, and if I find any other Christie Tucker who wants the thing worse than you do, I'll come and take it away again for nothing at all."

And he went puffing away out of the little house, and down the walk, a smile all over his great broad face.

When he was gone the two young people stood and looked, first at the roll, and then at each other. Of course the baby crawled out of her corner, and hovered around the great bundle, and tried to push it with her little hands, and tried to bite it, and tried to lift it, and finally sat down on it in triumph, believing that she had found out its use.

"What in the world can it be?" Karl asked at last.

"And whose can it be?" added Christie, looking at the great roll with longing eyes.

"Why, it's plain enough that it is yours. Anyhow, that is your name, Christie Tucker, as large as life, and we know there isn't another Christie Tucker anywhere around. The question is, where did it come from, and what is it for?"

"Uncle Daniel never would"—said Christie slowly, thinking aloud, and leaving her sentence unfinished.

"No," said Karl, with emphasis, understanding her as well as though she had finished it, "he never would in this world. Christie Tucker, I believe in my heart it is a carpet. It is done up for all the world like the rolls that Nick takes up to the Burton's, and other places, and he says they are carpets straight from the stores. They sew them all up in that straw kind of stuff, so they won't get dirty on the journey."

"Then of course it isn't ours, for we haven't bought any carpet at the stores, that is certain."

"No," Karl said slowly, and argumentatively; "but then, see here, Christie, neither have we bought anything else, and this is something, so I don't see as that proves anything. I'd like to see the inside of it, wouldn't you? Shall we rip it open?"

"Oh, no! We mustn't; mother wouldn't think it was right. It will have to go back, of course; they have sent it to the wrong town, maybe, and father would have no end of trouble in getting it sewed up again. We must just push it into the corner and let it alone; and Karl, it is time we were getting our treat ready, or planning for it, at least. Look! it has stopped snowing, and I believe the sun is going to set clear. They will have a nice ride home."

"I can't imagine what the thing is," said Karl. He did not mean the sun, nor yet the ride home. Eyes and thoughts were still on the great roll. He was not in the mood to give it up so quietly.

"I'll tell you what, Christie, I believe we ought to open it. This stuff is all damp on the outside, and it may be something that the damp will hurt. We ought to take care of it, whosever it is."

"It won't hurt before mother and father come," Christie said, with the quiet tone in her voice, which Karl knew meant, "It has my name on it, and therefore I have the right to decide, and I decide that it is not to be touched." At the same time she lifted the baby from it in haste, and examined carefully the little flannel dress to see if it felt damp. A little woman was Christie.

Karl recognized the power in the quiet voice, and began gravely to roll the bundle into the corner.

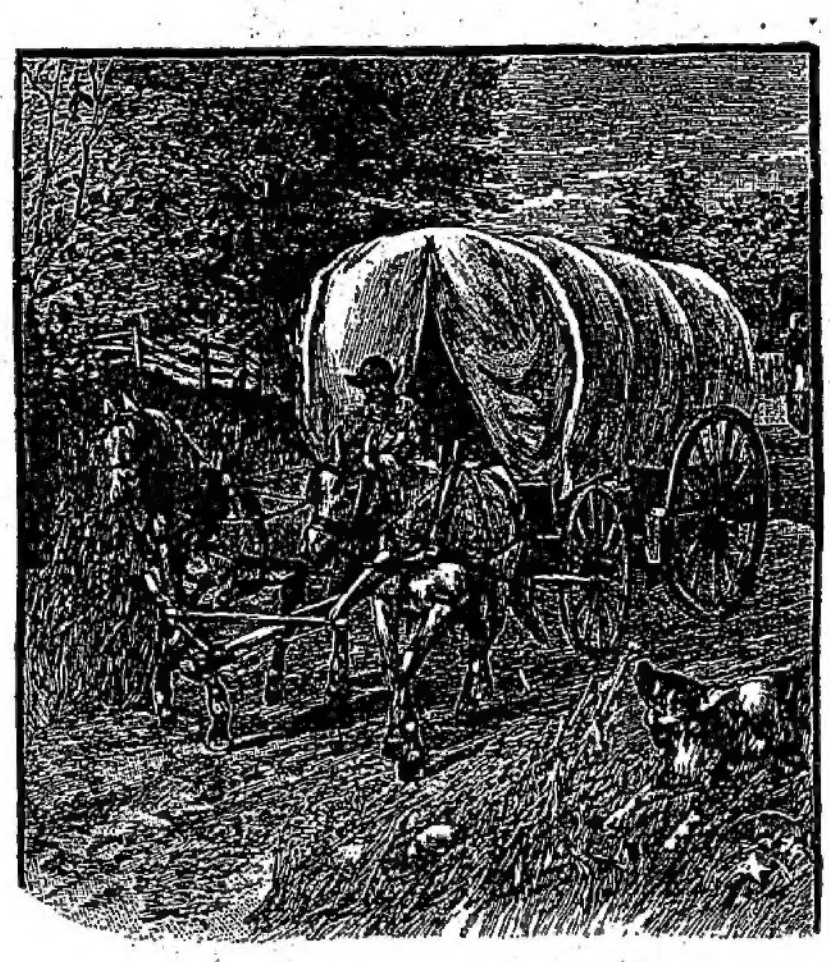
It took every bit of strength there was in his stout young body; and before he had made much progress, an exclamation from Christie stopped him.

"Karl, there comes another waggon! It has stopped before the gate, and a man is coming up to the door; and it is loaded with all sorts of stuff!"

You see how these two people muddled the English language when they were excited. Of course Christie did not mean the door was loaded, but the waggon. Karl left his roll, and came to attend to this new and startling development.

"That is the depot freight waggon," he chuckled, "and that is Jim Pierce driving. I know him, anyhow, and he knows me."

"Halloo!" said Jim Pierce, as the door swung back almost before he had a chance to knock. "Here you are, eh? Well, is there a Christie Tucker tucked in here anywhere, that's the question. Miss Christie Tucker; can you find her?"



"HERE COMES THE BIG DEPOT WAGON!"

"Yes," said Karl, laughing merrily; this whole affair was growing very funny to him. "I've got her here safe; what do you want of her?"

"Why, I'm getting her ready to set up housekeeping. There's a bedstead, and bureau, and chairs, and a sofy, and don't know what all, out in my waggon; as cunning a little set-out as ever you see, all belonging to Miss Christie Tucker. You aren't getting ready for a wedding nor nothing, are you, Karl?"

Whereupon Karl laughed again, loud and long. But Christie did not laugh; her face was pale. What did it all mean?

*(To be Continued.)*

## A CYPRESS-VINE'S WORK.

"Rob, please take this little basket of flowers to Miss Holt for me; it isn't much out of your way to school."

Rob turned back from the gate at his mother's call and took charge of the basket. It was a matter of course with him to do his mother's little errands cheerfully, and this was a particularly pleasant one, for Miss Holt, was as gay as a lark, though, poor little woman, she was a broken-winged lark, for if she was ever able to get off the couch it was to go no farther than the window.

At Rob's light tap there came a cheery "Come in," and he presented his basket with an apology for such an early call.

Miss Holt was a great chum of Rob's, and many a merry laugh he had enjoyed with her over his school fun or some yarn she had heard, but to-day she had a different matter in hand.

"Come sit here by me, Rob," she said, after sending thanks for the flowers; "I want to talk to you a little."

Rob at once scented a serious talk, and being, like most boys, very shy of such, he found himself in a great hurry to get to school.

"Then I will only keep you five minutes," said the lady. "I have been wondering for a long time, Rob, why you let year after year go by without becoming a member of Christ's church, and at last I have made up my mind that I would ask you about it."

The boy's face flushed and he twirled his hat restlessly. "I don't think I've been converted," he said presently.

"Haven't you asked God to forgive your sins for his Son's sake, and don't you believe he will do it?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you trying to live according to his will?"

"I hope so."

"Then, my dear boy, what are you waiting for?"

"Why, Miss Holt, I haven't had any change of heart that I know of, or new birth, or anything like that."

Miss Holt threw aside her curtain to show Rob a long, narrow box from which were climbing by interlaced wires vines of cypress, their delicate, long-fingered leaves already showing like a pattern of green lace against the window-pane.

"I put these seeds in myself," she said, "dark brown little knobs of things. I've watched and listened day after day and I have never heard a sound nor seen a leaf grow, and yet under the sunshine they have been born again and are climbing heavenward. That is the way God works in nature, Rob, and often in hearts too. But I see it is time for you to go to school. Good-by; don't forget my cypress."

Rob had felt his heart grow suddenly light as Miss Holt showed him by her little sermon that he need not wait for such an experience as being struck by lightning in order to be a Christian. But he couldn't find any words to say so then. It was weeks and weeks before he could muster up courage to go and tell his pastor that he hoped he was a Christian and wanted to join the church. It wasn't so hard after that to tell mother and Miss Holt, and the mother herself was hardly more happy and thankful than the poor invalid to whom, in the midst of pain and weariness, it had been given to speak the word that brought this young soldier out on the Lord's side.—*Elizabeth P. Allan in Child's Paper.*

## MY LESSON.

One day my little child came to me with a request for something on which her young heart was set, but which I, from my superior standpoint of age and experience, could see would bring her harm and pain. I was forced to deny her request. The child went away with a sad face. She did not complain, but as she went around the house, quiet and subdued, her look seemed to say, "My mother does not love me or she would give me what I wish for so much. She could do it just as well as not if she chose to do so."

My darling's disapointment and her sad face went to my heart. At length I said, "My dear child, have I not always been ready to do everything I could for you that would really be for your good? Have I not given you everything possible that would add to your happiness? Can't you trust your mother now, and believe that it is because she loves you that she does not give you what you want?"

The little arms twined themselves about my neck, the dear head sank peacefully on my breast, and the sweet voice whispered, "You know best, mother." In a few minutes her happy laugh told that she was fully satisfied and that no cloud overshadowed her trust.

I took the lesson to my heart. Henceforth I will not go about my daily duties with a sad face and a troubled spirit. I will rejoice in the Lord and his ways, even if he disappoint me in my most cherished hopes. I will not grieve my dear Heavenly Father by my doubt and distrust. With his help I will try to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—*Ex.*

## CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

*By Pansy.*

CHAPTER II.—*(Continued.)*

"We are having a dream, we guess, or writing a book, or else there's witches around," explained Karl, "Christie said things never happened except in books, but I guess she will change her mind after to-day. Honestly, Jim we don't know a thing about it, and father and mother are not at home, and we know they haven't bought any furniture, just as well as we know anything."

"Well," said Jim, "you know a good deal,

BABY LEFT TO ITSELF.

I'll admit; but then I know how to read writing when I see it, especially when it is print; and these things are all marked Miss Christie Tucker as plain as the nose on your face; and when I see them, I says to Bill, says I, 'There ain't no Christie Tucker around here except that little thing up to Jonas Tucker's?' 'No more there ain't,' says Bill, 'nor any other Tucker folks but them, this side of the city; you may as well pile 'em in and get them over there out of the way.' So here I am, and my team must be unloaded, you see; so if you will ask Miss Christie where she will have the things put, we'll be stepping about."

Then Christie set the baby down very decidedly and came to the door.

"It is all a mistake, sir," she said earnestly; "it means some other Christie Tucker, you may be sure. I'm only a little girl, and there is nobody to send me things. If you could wait a little bit until father comes, he could tell you there was a mistake, and that would save your unloading the things, and loading them up again, for I know they will have to go away."

Jim Pierce smiled admiringly on the little woman.

"Me and father come out to this country sixteen year ago last October," he said hitching at one suspender to bring it into place, "and we know every foot of land within thirty miles of here, and the name of every man, woman and child in this part of the country, and there ain't no Christie Tucker except yourself, and I reckon if the things ain't for you, they don't belong to nobody; and I reckon I had better unload, for that is a deceitful kind of a sunset, and I shouldn't wonder if we had a squally evening. Bill and I will jest set the things inside out of the storm, and to-morrow we can tote them back, if you find any place where they fit better. There ain't nothing to pay. Boss, he come to the door, jest as I drove out, and says he, 'Those goods are paid for, delivered at the door;' so delivered at the door it is. Pitch in, Bill, no time to waste."

And they "pitched in!" Christie gathered up the baby and stood at the window in silent, bewildered dismay, while Karl opened the door of the neat, bare little parlor and let the muffled up frieght take possession. What to do, the little woman did not know She had done all she could; there seemed nothing now but to wait.

"Father and mother haven't been away before in a year," she told the baby, "and I hope they won't go away again for another year. Who would have thought of so many things happening in this little while! We've lived here years and years and nothing has happened!

"Ah, da! da!" said baby, and dived after a flake of snow that just then blew past the window. She did not agree with Christie; she believed this to be a wonderful world. Had it not turned white all in a minute while she was looking at it? What was a waggon or two stopping at the gate, compared with that?"

"Whew!" said Karl, coming presently from the next room, bringing a gust of cold air in with him. "They're all in, Christie, and it fills the room pack full. I never saw the beat in my life! If it was Christmas now, and we believed in the Santa Claus that comes down the chimney. Or if we had a rich uncle who had been dead twenty years, to come to life like that one did in the story. It's great fun, anyhow; if every one of them has to be toted back to the depot to-morrow I'm kind of glad they've come. It seems like business to have teams stopping, and be directing where to put things. I wish they were ours, Christie, every one of them. You can't see what a thing is, they are so muffled up, but you can guess at some of them. I declare, it is a lark!"

"I'm real sorry to have them come," Christie said gravely. "It will just make trouble for father; and then it is lonesome to have them all go away again and not belong at all, as we know they don't."

"That is true," Karl said, his face growing sober, "but then, Christie, we couldn't help it. We did the only thing there was to do; so why not have all the fun there is to be got out of it?"

"We will," said Christie, smiling. "We will make believe they are ours, and we have earned them, and are going to surprise father and mother with them. There is a rocking-chair among them that looks as though it might be the mate to mother's, only a prettier shape."

Karl sat down on the great roll of burlap, his face grave and his eyes large with the thought that had suddenly taken possession of him.

"Christie," he said, and his voice was so full of earnestness that she turned and looked at him curiously. There were times when she did not more than half understand this stout little brother of hers, "Christie, let's truly do it; no making believe about it. I don't mean now, of course; but let's you and I earn the beautiful things to put in their room; twice as nice as any of these things are; and carpets as soft and bright as they have up at Burton's; and lamps, or—no, gas, five or six burners in every room, and silk curtains, or velvet, at the window, and—well, everything that anybody else has. I say, let's you and I earn them for father and mother. Folks do it; poor boys do it, I've read about them often! And it isn't all story either. Look at uncle Daniel; he was a poor boy, poorer than we are, a good deal, and see how he lives! We can do it, Christie, will you?"

"Yes," said Christie bravely, her eyes twinkling with a merry light. "I'll do my very best at it, and if we like these things that have to be sent back, we'll look at them carefully, and buy ours just like them. In the mean time, Karl, while we are waiting for the time to come, shall we make them some cream toast for their supper?"

Karl laughed at this, and arose and shook himself, like one who had been dreaming and wanted to get thoroughly awake.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose cream toast will have to do for to-night; and it is high time it was getting ready. I'll go to the cellar. Only Christie, I'm going to do the other thing too; remember that." And he went out into the little back kitchen and lighted a lamp, and went whistling to the cellar.

Preparations for supper began now in earnest. The short twilight was fading, and night was setting in steadily. The travellers would soon be here. Karl and Christie agreed that the mysterious bundle should be coaxed into the front room with the other mysteries, and not a word said about them until the cream toast and eggs were eaten and enjoyed. "Because if they once get to talking, and looking, and wondering, they won't get to eating supper until the toast and eggs are spoiled; and they will be so hungry and tired. Mother will need her cup of tea to rest her." So said the young housekeeper.

"Yes; and there is no need of hurrying to tell them, for the teams have all gone back, and there can't be anything done about it until morning." So said the man of business.

Do you know anything about how bright and restful that neat kitchen looked to the cold and hungry people who presently came into its light and warmth?

The fire was glowing brightly, the teakettle sang its gayest tune, the table was neatly laid, stewed pears and a plate of cookies occupied places of honor, and the most delightful odor of toast, mingled with the fragrant tea; and the bowl of eggs stood waiting to be dropped at just the right moment into the boiling water.

"This is nice," Mother Tucker said, leaning back in her little rocker, and cuddling the delighted baby.

"There is nothing like it in town, Christie; we passed some nice-looking homes, and the curtains were up, and everything looked pretty inside, but father said, 'We don't want to stop there, do we? They haven't got our boy and girl.'"

Then did Christie, with a happy little laugh, pop in her eggs, and set the baby's chair to the table, and tie Nettie's bib about here, for she heard a stamping in the outer kitchen, and she knew the two men had disposed of the horses, and were ready for supper.

All through the pleasant supper time, she and Karl had the hardest work to keep from going off into bubbles of laughter, and all the time their hearts sang the story: "What in the world will they say when we show them the front room!"

At last Father Tucker said there was no use, he couldn't eat that last bit of toast, nice as it was, and Karl telegraphed to Christie, "Now begin."

And just then Mother Tucker said:

"Now, my girl, if your supper is eaten, we have a surprise for you."

And then to the astonished eyes of Christie, there was handed forth a letter.

"Miss Christie Tucker."

So read the envelope, and the writing was in itself a source of pleasure, it was so beautiful. Christie had never seen her name very well written before. She had never seen it written at all on an envelope. Her first letter! You girls who are used to receiving letters every week from some dear friend, cannot have the least idea how she felt.

But the letter, surprising though it was, did not entirely fill Karl's mind. In fact it did not compare with those mysterious rolls and bundles which covered all the space in the front room.

He looked over Christie's shoulder at the letter, but he whispered to her, "Let's tell them our surprise; it is bigger than theirs."

One little thing about Karl I would like

THE FIRST LETTER.

you to notice. Why did he not burst forth with the importance of his secret, without waiting for Christie? You have heard many a boy do it. Indeed, I wouldn't say this for the world to any but you, but have you really never done it yourself? This was another way in which Karl's honest, unselfish nature showed itself; honest, because he remembered that all those mysterious packages had Christie Tucker's name printed on them, and this was therefore her secret which he had no right to tell; unselfish, because he felt in his heart that Christie would like to tell about it herself, and he would not spoil her chance. You have never told news that did not belong to you, except when you did it without thinking. Is that what you say? Oh, I presume not, but then, my boy, you must remember that we can be selfish and dishonest through thoughtlessness. That is a mean door, which lets all sorts of meannesses in through it, when once it is left open.

*(To be Continued.)*

## NOT THE RIGHT KIND OF A MAN.

"Since you ask my advice, George, I will give it, though I see beforehand it will be unwelcome. I would not go into business with this man."

"What is your objection?" asked George, in a slightly vexed tone.

"Because he is not the right kind of a man to be in intimate relations with. He does not stand fair in the community. People tolerate him, but they are shy of him."

"But he makes money, Joe. Ten years ago he tells me he wasn't worth a dollar. Now he has property in his hands worth twenty thousand. He is always getting hold of some good, profitable saw-mill, or hotel stand, or summer boarding house. He says he did not gain his property by sitting still and waiting for luck."

"It is pretty well known, George, how he acquired the most of it. One piece of chicanery or another helped him along, always keeping just inside of the law. He is sharp about that. Another fact is known to many, and that is that not one of these pieces of property is wholly paid for. They are principally his in name only. Another strong point with him is never to pay for anything he can possibly get on trust. Farmers have told me how hard it was to collect even little bills for vegetables and poultry, and nobody in his neighborhood trusts him now, for all his suave, agreeable manners. My advice to you, George, is to keep your hard earnings and savings in the bank a while longer, and plod on where you are rather than add your $500 to his possessions. I don't believe you will ever see a dollar of it again if you go in with him, notwithstanding all his fair professions. It is not enough to know that a man can 'make money;' it is a great deal more to the point to ask how he makes it. Let's see I believe you were laid up a little while ago; I am glad to see you about again."

"Yes; I gave my ankle a twist and could not step on it for a fortnight. Had a miserable time with it."

"It reminds me of a proverb," said the other, taking out a vest pocket-book and turning the leaves. "Here it is," and he read:

"Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth or a foot out of joint."

"Well, I don't want that experience over again. I guess I'll wait a while, and let well enough alone."—*Justice.*

## YOUR OWN HAND ON THE PLOUGH.

Mr. B.——, a large planter in Alabama, was so successful in his cultivation of cotton as to excite universal attention throughout the South. Certain wealthy gentlemen in Mexico wrote to him several years ago, asking permission to send their sons to his plantations, "to be placed under his tuition and to study his methods." A few days later, seven or eight young hidalgos arrived, delicate, refined youths, carefully dressed, gloved and ringed.

"Gentlemen," said the planter, after welcoming them, "you have come to learn how to raise cotton, so that you will never have a failure in your crops?"

"Yes."

"It is my theory that no man can intelligently direct his servants to do work which he has never done himself. You never can learn to raise cotton on horseback. I will teach you my methods. But the first step must be flannel shirts, and your own hands on the plough. If you are not willing to do this, you had better return to Mexico."

The young men looked at each other in dismay. But the next morning they presented themselves cheerfully in the field ready for work, and set to ploughing with a will. They followed as actual laborers every step in the cultivation of the cotton from its planting, until it was ready for the market. They remained with Mr. B. two years, at the end of which time they returned to Mexico, and are now the most successful growers of cotton in that country. They are all firm friends of Mr. B.

## A BOY'S LECTURE ON MANNERS.

"Ladies and gentlemen, manner means way, and a manner is a way, and manners mean ways. The ways you do things are your manners. The ways you look, the ways you speak, the ways you act, the ways you move, the ways you eat, are your manners. What you do with your hat is a part of your manners. I do not mean hanging it up, I mean taking it off or keeping it on. Everybody has to have some kind of manners, because everybody has to have some kind of ways to do things. There are two kind of manners; I will mention them. Good ones and bad ones. Your face looks better when you are having good manners than it looks when you are having bad ones. I have heard of six kinds of bad manners, and one more. I will mention them. Pig manners, one; bear manners, two; donkey manners, three; cock-a-doodle-doo manners, four; post manners, five; cow-in-the-parlor manners, six.

"First: Pig manners, and if you want to know what they are, go look in the pigs' pen when their dinner is being put into their trough. Every piggy hurries to get the most, and get the best. Every piggy looks out for itself and does not care for the other ones. Children that have pig manners are the kind that want to be helped first at meal times, and want the best things for themselves, and the biggest pieces. They look out for themselves and do not care about other people getting anything good.

"Second: Bear manners. Children that have bear manners are the kind that are gruff and grum, and growly. They have cross-looking faces and sometimes stick their lips out, and snarl, and growl, and are most always grumbling and growling about something they want to do or something they don't want to do. They talk in this way: 'Find my hat!' 'I want to go out!' 'Open the door!' 'I want something to eat!' and never think of a please or a thank you, and they get cross very often, and look cross.

"Third: Donkey manners. Children that have donkey manners are the kind that want to do just what they want to do and nothing else, no matter how much you may ask them and coax them. If you ask them to move, they stay still. If you ask them to keep still, they move. If you ask them to keep quiet, they make a noise. If you ask them to make a noise, they keep quiet. If you ask them to go of an errand they say, 'Don't want to' or, 'I ain't a-going to!' and the worst kind say, 'I will!' and 'I won't!' When they are playing, they never will do what the others want to, but only what they themselves want to.

"Fourth: Post manners. Children that have post manners are the kind that do not answer when they are spoken to, any more than a post would. If a visitor says, 'How do you do?' or, 'Do you like to play tag?' or, 'Do you like pictures?' or butterflies or anything, they stand still as a post and do not speak; but if you should ask them if they liked candy, they would speak one word, and I guess it would be yes.

"Fifth: Cock-a-doodle-doo manners are the kind that feel big and act so. When a rooster struts around among hens he acts as if he felt so big that he had to get up on a fence and clap his wings, and crow cock-a-doodle-doo! Sometimes there'll be a lot of fellows playing, and a cock-a-doodle-doo fellow will come there, and he'll act as if he thought he knew the right way to do everything better than everybody, and he'll give them the rules, and he'll strut round like a rooster, and in his house he does that same way to his mother and the other grown-up ones, and ones that are not grown up. That kind of a fellow ought to stand up on the fence and clap his wings—no, I mean his elbows—and crow cock-a-doodle-doo! I know better than you!

"Sixth: Cow-in-the-parlor manners. Children that have cow-in-the-parlor manners are the kind that are always getting in somebody's way, or pushing themselves in between people, or going in front of people, or stepping on somebody's feet or on bottoms of ladies' clothes, or leaning against people, or stumbling over things, or bumping against the furniture, or against people, or tipping over their own chairs, or knocking down a vase, or a work-basket, or a tumbler of water. They are as clumsy as a cow in a parlor, and do not mind what they are about any more than a cow in the parlor would mind what she was about.

"Besides these kinds there is another kind I heard of, called the Interrupters. Interrupters are the kind that begin to talk while other people are speaking, no matter if 'tis their father, or their mother, or company, the interrupters do not wait for anybody to stop talking, but break right in and say what they want to.

"I suppose that a boy or girl, or any other person, might have two kinds of bad manners both at once. Some of the people in my house talked about this. My cousin said that if a boy should have pig manners and bear manners both, he would be bad to live with, and so would a girl, if she should. My big brother said that if a boy should have three, pig manners, and bear manners and donkey manners, he would want to keep him in a room by himself, and so he would a girl if she should have them; and said that if a boy and a girl should have pig manners, and bear manners, and donkey manners, and post manners, and cock-a-doodle-doo manners, all five, he would want to chain them up in cages; and said if they should have all six kinds, pig manners, and bear manners, and donkey manners, and post manners, and cock-a-doodle-doo manners, and cow-in-the-parlor manners, and be interrupters besides, he would want to put each of them under a barrel and stop up the bungholes. I do not believe he would stop up the bungholes, for then they could not get air to breathe. My mother does not believe anybody could have so many kinds of bad manners and be alive. Once my mother went somewhere to stay, and she had to come away because the children had such manners she could not stay. They had bear manners and some of the other kinds. I think it is very hard to have good manners all the time until you get used to having them."—*Reported for Wide Awake by Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*

## Question Corner.—No. 5.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

The town, which is the subject of this paper, is mentioned at intervals in Bible history from the earliest times down to the days of our Lord. It was the first place that Abraham visited in Canaan, and hither his grandson Jacob came. He had much to do with the townsmen, buying for himself a parcel of ground containing a celebrated well. Subsequently his sons made an attack upon the inhabitants, and he was soon after directed to leave the spot. The remarkable situation of the place, on the side of one hill and facing another, from which it was separated by a deep valley, caused it to be selected by Moses for the performance of a solemn ceremonial. He directed that here the blessings and curses should be pronounced. This was accordingly done by Joshua, half of the people standing on one hill, and half on the other. At the same time it acquired further importance, as being a city of refuge for the manslayer, and of course a city of the Levites. Being in the portion allotted to Ephraim, Joshua's tribe, the great captain assembled the people there to receive his last counsels, and to take the solemn pledge that they would serve the Lord. Here also the bones of Joseph were buried after being brought up out of Egypt. Under the Judges, it was the scene of several dark deeds. Its inhabitants supported a usurper, and with their aid he slew all his brethren except one. This one pronounced a curse upon the inhabitants, and upon their leader. The curse was fulfilled by the breaking out of discord between him and them. He fell upon them, and slew them, but perished himself soon afterwards, in a very inglorious manner.

The city was then destroyed, but soon became famous again, for here the people assembled to make a king in place of Solomon. They sent to Egypt for a refugee from Solomon's court, and made him their spokesman. Being displeased with the answer made by Solomon's son, they made this leader their king, at least over ten tribes.

After the Captivity the place regained its importance, as the sacred city of the Samaritans. They claimed to be descended from the Jews, although there was fierce hatred between them. On the same hill they built a temple, and maintained the worship of Jehovah. They reverenced Moses, and regarded the five books that go by his name as their sacred writings. In our Saviour's time the name of the town was somewhat different, but it was in this place that he held his well-known conversation with the woman of Samaria.

The following questions suggest themselves.

1. Of whom did Jacob buy his land?
2. Which of his sons attacked the inhabitants?
3. What is the name of the town?
4. On what hill was it situated?
5. What was the name of the opposite hill?
6. Who was the usurper supported by the inhabitants?
7. What was the name of his father?
8. Which brother escaped from the slaughter?
9. How did the usurper perish?
10. What was the name of Solomon's son?
11. Who was the leader chosen by the people?
12. Who brought foreigners into Samaria? Look at 2 Kings xvii. 24-41.
13. What was the name of the town in our Saviour's time? Look at John iv.
14. What is there in that chapter which shows the hatred of the Samaritans to the Jews?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 4.

1. In Ex. xx. 12, and Deut. v. 16.
2. In Job. xxxv. 10; the Song of Solomon (Song of Solomon i. 1); a thousand and five (1 Kings iv. 32).
3. It was embalmed and put in a coffin in Egypt (Gen. l. 26), borne by the Israelites through their wanderings in the wilderness (Ex. xiii. 19), and buried at Shechem after the conquest of the land by Joshua (Josh. xxiv. 32).
4. David (Acts ii. 29-31)
5. 42,360, with 7,337 servants and maids (Ezra ii. 64, 65.)

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—1. A-mos. 2. B-ook. 3. H-osea. 4. O-badiah. 5. R-omans. 6. T-itus. 7. H-aggai. 8 A-cts. 9 T-imothy. 10. W-ritings. 11. H-abakkuk. 12. J-ob. 13. C-olossians. 14. H-ebrews. 15. I-saiah. 16. S-amuel. 17. E-zekiel. 18. V-ulgate. 19. J-ude. 20. L-eviticus. Abhor that which is evil.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Hannah E. Greene, Agnes G. Grant, Albert Jesse French, Mary C. Poole, John Stewart, and Emma Chamberlain.

## THE PREMIUM BOOKS.

### LAST DETAILED LIST WHICH WILL BE GIVEN.

Once again we give a list of the books which we are presenting to our workers this season, but as it will not be repeated in detail it would be advisable for intending canvassers to preserve this one. A little unavoidable delay has occurred in the despatch of some of the books to those who have earned them, but we hope that the whole will be sent off next week. This is the list of books and how they are obtainable:—

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For whom is this Messenger? Where is it taken and into whose hands does it fall?
Is it often read where the flick of the fire makes shadows look weird on the wall?
When golden-haired children, with sparkling eyes, expectant, look up with delight,
And, clinging around the strong knee of their father, say, "Oh, read 'our paper' to-night!"
We pray it may be so, and fill the young children with hope and with food for the mind,
And leaven their hearts with that leaven of heaven which teaches us all to be kind.

For whom is this Messenger? For the boys who are learning, and yearning some day to be men;
When their swords shall be drawn in the battle, or, better, when victories are won by the pen;
In their hours of leisure to win the sweet pleasure of knowing what ere was unknown,
And this Messenger may be really a part of them, growing up just as *they've* grown;
Perhaps setting their souls with some jewels, which radiant and brilliant may shine
Through the *life* that is mortal, and further, through the life that must yet be divine.

For whom is this Messenger? For the dearest of hands, if withered, still holy and white,
The kindest of mothers, the sweetest of wives, just facing eternity's light,
As she sits by the bed of her fast-fading lord, and she reads to him tender and slow,
With words that are lute-like and warm, yet as gentle as sun-glinted snow.
May it comfort him! Him, whom she tells herself oft, is the best and the kindest of men!
May it comfort her after she kisses him last, and, praying to God, sighs "Amen."

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